

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

Number 27.

On Corn.

"Cornaque."—OVID.

MR. EDITOR: Dear Sir:—It made me very sad to see in your last issue the short notice of the distinguished chiropodist removing corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe. I reflected how liable we all are to misapprehensions and rash judgments. Now some of your gentle readers might idiotically mistake that notice for a joke—might think there was a *lapsus pennæ*, perhaps, on the part of the chiropodist. Prone as we all are to superficiality and to going off at half-cock, they might forget the very existence of "corn in the ear," which crowned heads are quite as likely to have as uncrowned ones. And yet corn is one of the necessities of life. *Omne vivum ex ovo*, but if the hen did not consume corn by the peck, there would not be any "*ovo*." A hen, however, must be an evil-minded fowl, because *qui non cogitat malum non peccat*, and we all know she does that. How sad it is to think that the necessities of life are subject to such vicissitudes. The very air we breathe, the water we drink, may be poisoned by a malignant enemy. Even the heroes of antiquity did not scorn the pusillanimous vengeance of throwing carrion and grease into the wells of the adverse party. It was not unworthy of

"Achilles' wrath to grease the direful spring," as we read in the very first line of the Iliad. And still we wonder at crime!

"Life is short, but Art is long," says the Proverb. Art, however, is short, sometimes. We once knew a young man whose name was Arthur, and his parents called him "Art" for short, in the very face of the proverb. He afterwards became a Professor, which it is easy enough to do, for whereas the other trades and occupations of mankind require a long and tedious apprenticeship, a man may become a Professor, simply by professing to be one—*ipso facto profitendi*, and there the profit ends.

How painful it is to the reflecting mind to contemplate the explosive character of some of your late correspondence. Your correspondents seem determined to quarrel, were it only on the size of a pair of boots,—not considering, perhaps, that the larger a man's boots, the greater his capacity for polish, and it is polish, after all, that makes the gentleman! Precision won't do it. We once knew a fellow who was so precise that he would not say "Between you and me and the gatepost." He said "Among you and me and the gatepost." Another would not talk of the Examination. He said "Eggs are a nation." What he meant by it, is hard to tell. Still these were not gentlemen!

But, as I was remarking, this explosiveness must be checked, difficult as it is to do; for who is free from it? Even genial old Horace tampered occasionally with nitro-

glycerine. Read his Nineteenth Ode of the First Book, where he says:

"*Urit me Glyceræ nitor.*"

Here *nitor* is evidently by metathesis for *nitro*, and the rest explains itself. Still this explosiveness must and can be checked. Even the lion's wrath—the tiger's rage—the elephant's trunk—can be checked by a sufficiently active and intrepid baggage-master. These few reflections I submit for your consideration, Mr. Editor, and subscribe myself humbly as one who wonders at genius while he shudders at its eccentricities—shudders and wonders again,

HAOW YU TAU.

P. S. The only objection I have to the chiropodist's advertisement is that his "corns extracted without pain" means "without pain to the operator." Which every one doesn't know till after he commences operations.

The Thomas Concert.

MR. EDITOR: With fear and trembling "I take my pen in hand" to give you an account of the famous Thomas Orchestra, according to your suggestion—hoping, however, that in the mean time you may be favored by another and an abler account, in which case you will drop mine into your waste-basket. I have not forgotten your advice to my friend L. B., your correspondent of last year, to "stick to his hatchet," and the same will probably apply to me by substituting the word saw for hatchet.

From my earliest years I have been perhaps too much of a devotee at the shrine of Music. As a punishment for my inordinate attachment, I was fated to work on sterile soil, making adherents to her cause of those who, for the most part, had no other qualifications than a good will, and sometimes not even that. By means of the musical journals I could watch the progress of the work in more favored regions; and as during the last four or five years, glowing accounts reached me of Thomas and his famous Orchestra, the wish gradually ripened into a longing to hear them. On Thursday, Feb. 19th, this one great desire of my musical life was to be realized—green be the memory of the day!—for a grand concert was to be given by them at Laporte.

En passant, allow me to mention one of the mishaps which invariably fall to my lot when travelling. At 4½ sharp the 'bus was to start; but having been pronounced full at 4¼ flat, it rolled away in *presto* movement. Finding myself among those left behind, I started off *presto prestissimo ff*; and, just as I was about to change into an *Adagio* in B Minor, I perceived that a discord had arisen between the 'bus man and the driver of a wagon, who would not "keep to the right," which enabled me to come to a *finale* inside of the 'bus, knowing well that when 'buses are "quite full" there is always room for one more.

At Laporte I visited, in company with four students, my young friend Joe—not the “Joe” who has recently got himself into trouble with Harwich, Snype and Co., but one who had been for years a student at Notre Dame, and who had here endeared himself to all by his good conduct and attention to studies,—and more especially to me, from the fact that he had contributed both talents and good will, in a greater measure than any other student, to the success of the Musical Department, in both vocal and instrumental branches. After enjoying the hospitality of his excellent parents, we were conducted by Joe, through darkness and rain, to the concert hall.

In due time Thomas gave the signal, and Wagner's Overture to Tannhäuser held the audience spellbound for nearly a quarter of an hour. Brought back again to earth from that enchanted land of harmony to which the magic wand of Thomas had transported us, we breathe more freely, the muscles relax and resume their functions. Is this music, or is it a glimpse of heaven?

I can better understand now how imperfect are our feeble, finite senses, and how incapable of enjoying the smallest part of the delights of heaven, when the productions of man can affect one of the senses with such an exquisite feeling of rapture. I expected much, from the fact of hearing nothing but praise given, and by the best critics of the country, to this perfect orchestra; yet I could not imagine anything like the reality. I may be considered too enthusiastic by those who did not hear it; those who were present will say that to describe it is impossible. A sober critic once said of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club that “a few strings will bring us nearer to heaven than anything in this world,” and Thomas' Orchestra was universally pronounced to be the “Mendelssohn Quintette Club” on an enlarged scale.

I will not attempt to describe the pieces in detail. The same matchless charm—the same light and shade,—from the softest whisper to the strongest *fortissimo*—the same purity of tone—the same precision, which made even the violin bows work with the regularity of a machine—and above all, that soulful, intelligent rendering which caught up the ideas of the composer and placed them in their proper position in the tone picture—was observed from beginning to end. I may remark, however, that the Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was to me the gem of the evening; bright, sparkling, genial, it had all the effect of a lovely May morning with its sunshine, flowers, singing of birds, and all the other beauties of nature which expand the heart and cause it to overflow with gratitude to God, the giver of all good gifts; and that the bass solo from Haydn's “Creation” was grand and sublime.

The audience showed their good sense and refinement by the perfect silence and attention with which they listened throughout. Applause itself seemed out of place, and no boisterous attempts were made to force an encore. All honor to Thomas and his noble band! They are a credit to the country, and show that Americans have the taste to appreciate true art as well as the liberality to support it. The best composers of Europe have written works expressly for them, and have felt themselves honored to have their music performed by such able interpreters. May they long continue to delight and instruct thousands, and may other similar organizations strive to reach, as near as possible, the perfection attained by this model orchestra.

N.

“Ough.”

Peasant Acadian,
Guiding the plough,
Coarse are your garments,
Your aspect is rough.

Peasant imprudent,
I hear you've a cough;
Do you feel sure
You're clad warm enough?

Bibulous peasant,
Your voice it is rough;
You're not a disciple
Of temperate Gough.

Home to your cottage!
You hear the winds sough;
Even the birdies
Sing hoarse on the bough.

Home to your cottage!
And bend o'er the trough,
Kneading the loaves
Of digestible dough.

Though the bread's heavy,
Unsweetened, and tough,
Well-sharpened teeth
Will go easily through.

Educational Interests.

Who has not heard of Notre Dame? of its magnificent buildings and surroundings? its big bell and its chimes? its wondrous success and the scholarly standing of its faculty? From a comparatively small beginning, many years ago, it has increased and grown, in everything, wise and beautiful, and now stands a stately monument of learning and power. From all parts of the world it attracts its pupils; foreign countries as well as all parts of our own fair land contributing their quota to swell the number who haunt the lovely shades of Notre Dame and imbibe instruction and knowledge in its princely halls. The Professors, who deal out learning in the ablest manner, are selected with wondrous care, and by their attainments and power of imparting the gleanings of studious years of research have made an education gained at this University a high honor to any young man.

Not only in the more substantial elements of learning does this famed institution excel. The aesthetic is given a prominent place in the curriculum of study, and combines with the more solid and practical branches to form a result but little short of perfection.

The extent and magnitude of the grounds and buildings are ever the wonder of the admiring stranger. He had dreamed of something on an enormous scale but falling short of this. To the guest of South Bend, Notre Dame is a prominent place of interest, and the affability of its polite Brothers tends not a little to make it so. . . . It is the headquarters of Father Sorin, general of the order.

St. Mary's is none the less perfect in its own peculiar attributes. Erected on a garden spot of earth, and in the midst of grounds which nature and art have both tried their most skilful hands upon, it affords within its hallowed shades a perfect home and school together. The common branches and the rugged paths of learning are by no means

ignored nor slighted; but St. Mary's particularly excels in the perfecting of those accomplishments which adorn the mind of lovely woman and which send the elegancies of art into an otherwise sordid and too commonplace existence.

Music, painting and needlework here receive that critical attention so often disregarded in other Academies of this kind. From "early morn till dewy eve" music, dropping from rose-bud mouths, like pearls, or brought from ivory keys in some mysterious manner, sounds through these stately buildings.

Prominent among the delightful features here seen is the care bestowed upon the amenities of life. The polished manners of the Sisters of the Holy Cross are insensibly communicated to the students, giving a well-bred and courteous air which a pupil of St. Mary's never loses.

At Commencement there are gala days here; crowds of friends from afar come to see and hear the "sweet girl-graduates with the golden hair," and to praise the skill and excellence evinced in their instruction.

St. Joseph's Academy is under the same supervision, but situated on a commanding spot in our city, instead of some distance down the banks of the beautiful river, as is St. Mary's. It possesses the same excellencies, however, although on a less colossal scale. At both of these institutions special attention is given to health, and the watchful care and tender nursing of these gentle Sisters is a great object to parents who would not otherwise dare to send their little ones away from home.—*Turner's South Bend Annual*, 1874.

Celebration of Washington's Birthday at St. Mary's.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the pupils of St. Mary's in witnessing the execution by the First Senior Class of a programme that had been planned out for them by the Graduating Class.

The Entrance March on the occasion was a rattling piece, and it is well that M. Strakosch was not present to hear it. The reading of the Patriotic Ode was eloquently rendered, although we believe it was not called for in the original programme. As there were no printed or written programmes distributed among the audience we cannot give a detailed account, as the various pieces succeeded each other with such rapidity and celerity of motion that we cannot recall them in strict chronological order, and it may be that some of them have escaped our memory entirely.

We shall therefore classify them, and then endeavor as far as our memory will help us out to individualize them. Musical, Literary, Artistic, are the three classes we choose. The musical treat was an exhibition of high vocal powers, especially the Bird Song, accompanied by violin and a bird. The *recitativo*, apparently a modification of *Ranz des vaches*, was very effective; and a song, evidently of Abyssinian origin, was listened to with deep concern. The full vocal powers of the whole class was eminently displayed in an original patriotic song gotten up for that particular occasion.

The Literary part may be subdivided into dramatic and elocutionary. The Drama was short, interesting and instructive; the action throughout was lively, the conversation sprightly, and all ended well. The elocutionary part consisted of a quadruple rendition of the "Bells," by

French, Yankee, German and Irish readers, and it is singular how different bells sound in German and Irish, French and Yankee; then there was the Maniac, almost too tragic to be in keeping with the rest of the entertainment; "High up in the steeple" was spoken with most appropriate gestures; the reading from Shakspeare was quite affecting, and the eight minutes of original jokes and conundrums gave the audience food for reflection for the next quarter of an hour.

Though the highly appreciative audience witnessed the Dramatic and Literary portion of the programme with attention and applause, they seemed to take in the artistic part with even greater animation. It began by an æsthetic piece that was loudly encored, and entitled a Laughing Duo. The singing of "The Swiss Boy," in the costume of a Swiss girl, could be equalled by nothing but the accompaniment played to it on the piano. *A pas de deux* was rapturously encored, and the Highland Fling brought down the house and almost the ceiling. The whole ended with The Statue of Liberty, or America, with a flag and red lights.

All concerned in this deserve great credit for the creditable manner everything went off, and great praise for their successful endeavors to enliven and amuse the audience.

Our Final Farewell.

This communication, as far as we are concerned, will terminate our dispute with "Joe." Reduced to the verge of literary insolvency, as "Verbum Sat," the last *gathering* from a thrice-exhausted field, demonstrates to a nicety, we are reluctantly compelled to sever our connection with him, and let silence be our shield should he a fourth time spring into latent vitality. While an exposure of the thimbleric subterfuge he has recourse to, in the forlorn hope of escaping from his difficulties, would, under other circumstances, present an irresistible temptation, a chivalrous sentiment restrains us, in the present state of affairs, from rendering his confusion worse confounded. He receives a plaudit from us for his remarkable tact in eliminating novel conclusions from premises he cannot reason into existence, but it comes in the way of a sympathizing smile. Since "Joe" has disappeared, like a dissolving view, with the spectacles of mathematical acumen still on nose, and "three halves" still tickling the mathematical bump, we will retire from the scene in quest of a key to disengage ourself from our entanglement. The deplorable fate of the thoughtless Phaeton, who rashly undertook to guide the flaming steeds of the Sun and found a cold bath in the river Eridanus for his temerity, should be an ever present admonition to those whose ambition or eccentricities would entice them to attempt a feat far beyond their skill. Remember the warning, "Joe," lest your proclivities precipitate you into the embrace of some wight who may handle you far less tenderly than did HARWICH.

WASHINGTON's Birthday was celebrated in entertaining style by the members of the Thespian Association of Notre Dame University, at Washington Hall, on Tuesday evening. The play "Waiting for the Verdict, or Falsely Accused," is thought to have been the best ever given by the society. It was succeeded by a one-act farce entitled "Sent to the Tower." The evening was closed by Hon. S. S. Hayes, of Chicago, who, on being introduced by President Lemonnier, made some very timely and eloquent remarks. The hall was crowded, an unusually large number attending from this city.—*South Bend Register*.

The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time, at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00
Single copies (5 cts.) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

A SPLENDID lunch and a good old-fashioned dance were enjoyed by the Thespians after the play was over.

HEREAFTER persons who buy tickets to reserved seats will receive with their ticket the number of the seat reserved.

ABOUT seventy children are in regular attendance at St. Joseph's School, East South Bend. Very good for the first year!

There were no less than fifteen changes of scenes during the play of "Waiting for the Verdict." The stage never presented a better appearance than it did on last Tuesday night.

THE Negaunee papers speak in the highest terms of our lamented student, H. Pendill. We return our thanks to Hon. J. P. Pendill for Negaunee papers containing notice of the obituary.

A large portion of the Singer Factory in South Bend was destroyed by fire during the night of Wednesday. The loss will amount to over \$40,000, on which there is no insurance.

WE have mislaid an educational pamphlet which was sent us from South Bend at a time that illness prevented us from attending to our mail with our habitual assiduity. We hope to find it, and to receive its successor if it has or is to have one.

AN Exchange says that in Florida they have oysters weighing three pounds each, and ten inches long. The old restaurant call of "one oyster and three turkeys" would be intelligible even to the uninitiated, if such oysters were to be had in this region.

WE regret that those who came late on Tuesday evening, some of whom were entitled to the first seats, did not obtain as good accommodation as they anticipated. However, everyone in the Hall had a good view of the stage and seemed to enjoy what was going on there.

HEREAFTER there shall be no invitations issued to the College Exercises or Exhibitions. THE SCHOLASTIC shall be the medium through which our friends will be informed of the day and hour of such exhibitions. Those who consider themselves friends of the Institution may hold themselves invited.

ON last Sunday evening Prof. T. E. Howard, of Notre Dame University, delivered an excellent lecture, on "Education out of School," to a select audience at St. Joseph's Church. His lecture gave evidence of a thorough knowledge of history and of the lives of the great and good, especially of the men of this country, and of a clear insight into the wants of the young men of this country.

IT seems that some persons have understood from some words in THE SCHOLASTIC that H. Pendill was intoxi-

cated at the time of his death. We never meant to say so. He took only one glass of wine, and this was not sufficient to make him drunk. Yet it was probably the cause of his being quite sick a moment after, and previous to his sad death. In justice to the young man's character we feel it our duty to say that his behavior here was excellent, and that he was always regarded as a temperate and moral student.

THE audience last Tuesday night was so large that it would be impossible to notice all those who were there. We were pleased to see, among others, Hon. S. S. Hayes and lady, of Chicago; Rev. M. O'Reilly, of Valparaiso; Rev. F. Stevens, of San Pierre; Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Laporte; Rev. D. J. Spillard and sister, of South Bend; Mr. Dowling, of Laporte; Mrs. West, of Chicago; Mrs. Kraushaur, of Detroit; Lawyers Tong and Hagerty, of South Bend; Mrs. Redmon and Mrs. Carlin, of St. Mary's; Mr. Hutchinson and lady, of Notre Dame; Mr. M. J. O'Brien, P. Moren and C. Carver, of Valparaiso; Mr. M. Boyne and daughters, Miss Coquillard, Mrs. Campeau, Mr. R. Willis, Miss M. Shirland, C. Lindsay and lady, Mr. L. Barth and sister, of South Bend; Mr. W. C. McMichael and sister, of Mishawaka; Mr. Fasset, of the South Bend Union; Mr. and Mrs. Bulla, of Notre Dame; Mr. Rumely and P. O'Sullivan, of La Porte, and many others whom we cannot now recall.

Death of John O'Brien, of Hartford, Conn.

One whose life had been long despaired of, and only prolonged by the most assiduous attention on the part of the good Sisters of the Infirmary and the skill of Dr. Lundy, passed away from this life to a better one on Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock.

Master JOHN O'BRIEN, of Hartford, Conn., had been at Notre Dame for over a year, a student in the Commercial Department. Shortly after the Christmas Holidays he was taken down sick with pneumonia, and soon showed symptoms of his approaching dissolution. For nearly six weeks, his life was prolonged by what appeared a continued miracle. His great courage under his sufferings astonished every one. His father, from Hartford, and friends from Chicago, soon arrived, and bestowed upon him the kindest marks of their affection.

It was the young man's great hope and his father's earnest desire to be allowed to see his fond mother before dying. The danger attending a removal from his bed of sickness—and above all, the severe ordeal of a winter trip even under the most comfortable circumstances—could not deter the young man from his purpose, nor prevent his kind father from gratifying his wish. The poor sickly boy left the infirmary but to die at the hotel in South Bend, scarcely one hour after his departure. It was the doctor's advice, the good Sister's wish, and the urgent recommendation of the authorities of the College, that the boy should not be taken away; but they had to yield to father and son. With hearts full of sad forebodings, which were too soon realized, they saw both take their departure for home. In no case could the boy have lived longer than a few days. These he offered up as a sacrifice to the sweet expectation of seeing his mother once more. May this be the case in a better world, where shall be neither suffering nor death, neither absence nor separation.

Requiescat in pace.

Publications.

We overlooked the *School Boy* last week—a monthly printed in South Bend, in the interest of the Public Schools of St. Joseph County. It is very neatly gotten up, contains the Roll of Honor of all the the Public Schools—or of the principal ones—of the County, and has quite an assortment of reading matter. For the benefit of those who may wish to go to the M. S. and L. S. R. R. Depot we cull the following lucid directions from the columns of the *School Boy*:

"A runner stepped into a barber-shop, on M— street, and was shaved. When done, he asked the barber the way to the L. S. & M. S. depot, and was enlightened in this wise: Vell, you go down to der next sthreet und turn your right hand round; den you go up to der next square und turn der court-house round, den you go to der next sthreet und turn the Presbyterian church mit the left hand round, und now you go sthrait away on mit the depot."

Roll of Honor.

FRIDAY, FEB. 20th, 1874.

SENIORS.

J. Browne, W. Ball, A. Baca, V. Baca, J. Berry, M. Bastarache, J. Brogan, C. Berdel, O. Corcoran, H. Cassidy, J. Crumme, G. Crumme, W. Clarke, P. Cooney, T. Cochrane, H. Dehner, B. Evans, H. Esch, M. Foley, C. Favey, J. Flaherty, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, E. Gribbling, W. Gross, E. Gillen, C. Hess, V. Hansen, A. Horne, J. Hogan, T. Hansard, J. Handly, B. Hersey, J. Kennedy, J. E. Kelly, J. Lonergan, J. Luby, S. Marks, T. McDonough, B. McGinniss, M. McCullough, J. McMahon, E. McSweeney, A. Mooney, E. Monohan, D. Maloney, E. McLaughlin, P. McDonald, J. Mathews, B. Mathews, J. Ney, J. O'Connor, J. E. O'Brien, P. O'Meara, J. O'Toole, P. O'Mahony, E. O'Connell, J. Ott, C. Otto, J. Porter, J. F. Rudge, G. Roullac, G. Rudge, J. Rudge, C. Ruger, P. Skahill, F. Sweeger, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, H. Hayes, R. Staley, C. J. Dodge, W. W. Dodge.

JUNIORS.

Bonifacio Baca, Joseph Beegan, Joseph Buchanan, Albert Crunkilton, John Claffey, Francis Claffey, James Delvecchio, William Darst, John Ewing, Frank Ewing, Charles Freese, Dennis Gorman, Lloyd W. Hatch, Stephen Kennedy, James Kinly, B. Le Fevre, George Lehman, Michael McCormack, George McNulty, Joseph P. McHugh, Patrick Moran, Nathan J. Mooney, Charles Meyer, Fred Miller, Dennis O'Connell, E. S. Ratigan, A. Schmidt, R. Sobey, Frank Stamm, John F. Soule, William Schulthes, Louis Smith, James Smith, Thomas Solon, R. West, Robert Walker, F. Wittlesberger, Edgar Wood, Henry Zuber, Charles Wells, John Cohen, José Leander Perca, John Dalley.

The Thespians.

An expression occasionally heard in Washington Hall during the performance of a good play is: "The best ever seen at Notre Dame!" which, if strictly true, would seem to imply the existence of an infinite arithmetical progression towards perfection. However that may be, I have no hesitation in saying that "Waiting for the Verdict" is one of the best plays ever acted before a Notre Dame audience; in fact, "There's nothing loike it."

The evening was beautiful, the audience large and enthusiastic, the hall most tastefully decorated and the music delicious—what more could be desired by way of accompaniment? As for the cast of characters: we saw upon the stage, as a consummate judge remarked, not stars but a con-

stellation. It has been said that in Europe they have kings, but in America every man is a sovereign: so we may say that formerly we had good actors, a Menard, a Chamberlain, a Brown or a Corby, but on Tuesday evening there were no less than twelve young gentlemen fit to take the leading parts in any play. In fact, they have all taken leading parts on different occasions; but were now for the first time brought together, as if to show at a glance what the culture of Notre Dame could do.

The play itself was an intellectual treat. As the simple fellow says in Dickens, "There is no nonsense about it." There is a fine, clear, manly good sense shining through it all; no "soft sawder" or mawkish sentiment, on the one hand; nor, on the other, any repulsive horror or unnatural brutality, but the true Shakspearian tears and laughter of real life. It is indeed one of the best selections ever made by the Thespians; add to this, the nicest judgment, discrimination and tact were shown in the distribution of the parts, each one seeming to have that particular part best suited to "his own individual idiosyncrasies," as a respected friend, now gone to the South, used to say.

But who was the best? Haven't I said that there were at least twelve best—a Pleiades and a Hyades united? Berdel was by all odds "the best abused" youth; McLaughlin was altogether the best old man; Charley Dodge was certainly the best son and brother; Staley was undoubtedly the best rascal; Clarke was, it must be confessed, the best "hang dog" looking villain: Willy Dodge was truly the best good man, almost goody good; as for Maloney and Walker, *par nobile fratrum*, "I hates him," that doesn't say "there's nothing like them"; Harold Hayes was the best, or, rather the chief, justice, for I think it will be generally admitted that he is too much one of nature's noblemen to play the rôle of a false, dissolute and treacherous noble. The ermine became him, as did the epaulets his brother Louis, who was of course the best soldier. The lawyers could not be beat, though one of them was. The court scene was startlingly lifelike—it was the most complete illusion of the evening. The Chief Justice was a real one. Mr. McGinniss will not be a more businesslike clerk when, he is in a real court, as I have no doubt he will be, and much higher, before many years.

I think there is one defect in the play, whether it is in the original, or only in the present adaptation—the prisoner's defense seems unnecessarily weak, and the mode of his final delivery hardly satisfactory. But this may seem hypercritical, so let it pass.

I have not mentioned the prologue, but I have not forgotten it. Mr. McSweeney is master of so pleasing a delivery, so elegant a style and so correct an enunciation, that it is a pleasure to listen to him. He is, for instance, master of that troublesome *u*, the stumbling block of all genuine Yankees. He does not say "dooty," nor "jooty," but "duty." This is so true and foaming a pail of milk that I can't resist the temptation to tip it over, just a little: he says "will" for "shall," a Hoosier stumbling block, I believe. As for the subject matter, it was in the best taste. A long and formal oration on such an occasion is out of place, or rather out of time, for there is no time for it; but Mr. McSweeney's judicious and patriotic sentiments were exceedingly appropriate.

One word for the ushers: they did their duty. I do not think that the seating of the audience was ever so well and so quietly done, with comfort and satisfaction to every

one. I do not know who should receive credit for the decorations, the President of the University or the President of the Thespians, or both, or somebody else: it was a happy thought gracefully executed, and somebody deserves appreciation for his good taste. The music I have styled delicious, and I would say more for it and its talented leaders and performers had I space, but so beautiful an art must be its own reward.

The closing remarks, by Hon. S. S. Hayes, of Chicago, might make one almost envious of the gift of the orator—perfect thought in perfect words dropping from his lips with the utmost ease in unpremeditated sentences,—truly its only rival is that of the poet: "Perfect music wedded to immortal verse."

I have not spoken of the farce, but then that was only a joke, while I am

ERNEST.

Recent Discoveries.

Apropos of the late Examination, Mr. Editor, I think it will be no small advantage, both to examiners and examined on future occasions, to be made acquainted with a fact which has become manifest since the 30th of January. In my report of the Examination, if I remember rightly, I expressed no small satisfaction with the results; nor do I see any reason for changing my opinion on that point. I also, I believe, intimated that there were a few exceptions, and would probably have let the matter rest so, did not circumstances of a more recent date determine me to state more plainly in what sense I spoke of exceptions.

The fact, then, to which I refer, is, that some, taking an undue advantage of a lack of strict watchfulness on the part of the examiners,—a remissness which resulted from what now appears to have been a misplaced confidence in the honor of those undergoing examination,—did not hesitate to make use of unfair means to produce papers, as the result of their examination, which did not correspond with their actual knowledge of the subject nor with their previous standing in their classes.

While simply calling the attention of the Faculty to this matter, by way of suggestion for future occasions of this nature, I feel prompted to express myself more fully on the subject to the students, they being the parties most deeply interested in the consequences of such deception. In justice to those, however, who did not seek for opportunities to elude the vigilance of the examiners and obtain an unauthorized reference to a concealed book, and who, I know, would not profit by such an opportunity did it present itself, I must remark that what I am about to say does not refer to them, except in so far as it is a compliment to their honest industry.

In the first place, then, I would remind those to whom such a compliment cannot be paid, that the deception by which they seek on such occasions to veil past negligence in study can never benefit them; for, even should they escape detection at the time, their deficiency is still known to those under whose instruction they had been for the five months previous, and their testimony to the fact always excites a suspicion, and not unfrequently gives a certainty, that unfair means have been employed, and the subsequent watchfulness to which this naturally gives occasion must in a short time unmask the deceit. Should the tricky student even succeed in gaining admittance into a higher class,

through any oversight, it will soon be found that he is out of his sphere, and he will then be obliged to descend to a lower grade, with anything but credit to himself. Even this has happened since our last examination. So that the apparent advantage sought for by such means is not, and but rarely can be, attained.

In the second place, I would call the attention of students of this class to another consequence of deceitfulness, far more serious than that already mentioned; for it is one which is apt to affect them long after they have bade farewell to school, or college. It is a common saying that "the child is father to the man." That is, the child shadows forth, even in its tender years, the disposition and character which will afterwards influence and control his actions when he has attained to manhood. This may not always be strictly true,—for education, aided by well-directed personal efforts to that end, often has, and still may so modify a disposition, by a cultivation of the opposite good qualities, as to render that disposition, *practically* at least, noble and honest. All men have some faults of disposition to contend against, and he is the best man (socially speaking) who has the fewest, and who controls them most successfully. On the other hand, there is no man so depraved by nature that he may not by earnest and persevering efforts, especially if such efforts be made in early life, bring his wrong tendencies of disposition under control, and become an upright and honorable member of society. The misfortune is, however, that very few of those who indulge their natural faults, and by indulging strengthen them till they have acquired a preponderating force, ever do make that serious and determined effort to reform—and, consequently, go from bad to worse, pitied and despaired of by their friends, and generally despised by all others. If then young men, instead of conquering and controlling the natural faults or tendencies of their disposition—which they may do with comparative ease—indulge and encourage them by affording them exercise, they expose themselves to grow up to manhood confirmed in these faults, with a prospect of never having the courage to struggle successfully against them, and at last of passing out of life regretted by few and honored by none.

Now it is, generally, in small things that a man's chief means of cultivating or forming a character are to be found, and this is especially true of the young. If these small things are despised, and the wrong tendencies of disposition allowed to have sway in them, it is more than probable that these tendencies will crave and *obtain* indulgence betimes in greater things. But if, on the contrary, one acts in small things with honesty, uprightness and honorable candor, he will never fail in matters of greater moment; and the life of such a one, whether in high station or in low, will be honorable, and command respect.

To return to the subject which gave rise to these remarks: The use of unfair means at an examination in school may be considered, in comparison with many other affairs of life, as of little importance, yet it shows not only a wrong tendency in the disposition of the one so acting, but also a willingness to indulge such tendency. And as we say that "he who would steal a lamb would also steal a sheep," so may we say that he who would deceive his teachers or an examiner by taking advantage of a brief opportunity, will very likely deceive his fellow-men in more important matters when, plunged in the busy scenes of life, he shall have frequent opportunities of doing so; the consequence of which will be that in addition to a loss of self-respect,

which is an inevitable result of every unworthy act, he is sure to be discovered sooner or later, and thus lose the respect of his fellow-men, as well as his own; for no man can respect a deceiver; no, not even if he should be himself a deceiver to the extent of pretending to do so.

In conclusion, I have only to remark that the discoveries here spoken of, and which were made previous to my report of the Examination, will account to some of our students for the fact that their per cent. was not as high as they might be led to expect, considering the facilities they had for making a good, or rather an *apparently* good, examination.

Convinced that the Faculty will as usual take measures to prevent as far as possible such deceptions, by affording as few opportunities as may be for the indulgence of such a disposition—and trusting that the students, without whose co-operation the efforts of the Faculty would be fruitless of permanent good, will take the matter into serious consideration, and convince themselves of the great truth which the poet Rogers thus expresses:

"Ah! why should virtue fear the frowns of fate?
Her's what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;
A world with memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, AN HONEST BREAST."

I am, Mr. Editor, yours sincerely,

M. B. BROWN, C. S. C.
Director of Studies.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Memoriam.

The following resolutions of sorrow and sympathy from the members of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club, on the death of their late associate, Mr. JOHN M. O'BRIEN, have been handed us for publication:

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God, who doth all things well, to remove from our midst JOHN M. O'BRIEN,

RESOLVED: 1st. That we, the members of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club have lost an estimable friend and a zealous and efficient fellow-member, and that while we humbly and reverently submit to the decrees of a just and benign Providence, it would be vain for us to attempt to suppress the feelings of sorrow with which our hearts have been filled by the death of our fellow-member.

RESOLVED: 2ndly: That we sincerely sympathize with the

friends and relatives of the deceased, in this their hour of affliction, and beg leave to remind them that "God loveth those whom He chastiseth."

RESOLVED: 3dly. That we have a Solemn High Mass celebrated for the repose of the soul of our departed brother, at which all the members shall attend, wearing black crape as an emblem of sorrow.

RESOLVED: 4thly. That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE SCHOLASTIC, at Notre Dame, and also in the papers of Hartford, Connecticut, the home of our deceased friend.

Requiescat in pace.

J. F. WOLFE,
H. C. CASSIDY,
F. C. ST. AUBIN,
J. B. CRUMMEY,

Committee.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Feb. 21, 1874.

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Freight.....	8 57 P. M.	Freight.....	4.45 A. M.
Pass.....	9.21 a. m.	Pass.....	11.23 A. M.

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